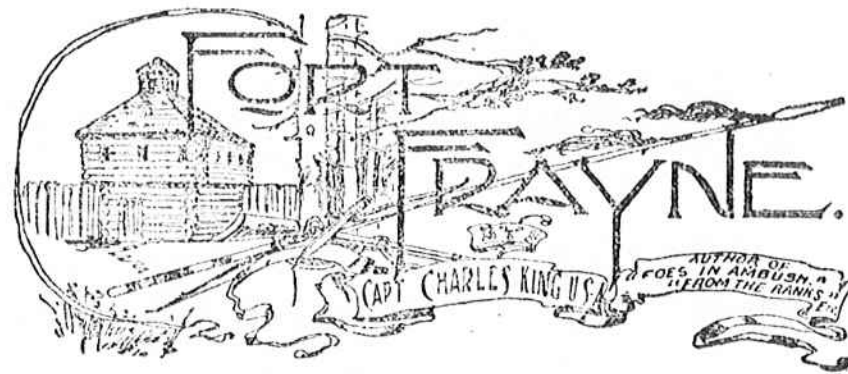


# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.



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## CHAPTER VIII.

Alarmed at Mrs. Daunt's failure to rejoin them, Leale had tossed the reins to his orderly, and, leaving Mrs. Farrar seated in the sleigh, hurried into the building in search of her. It was a prostrate, senseless form he found, close to the inner door, and only after a deal of trouble did she revive. Greatly alarmed, Mrs. Farrar had caused her to be driven straight home, and there the doctor came and Ellis and ministering angels without stint and questioners without number, but meantime Leale, with wrathful face, had gone to his troop quarters and summoned his first sergeant. Grace had not been with the men at dinner, was that worthy's report. He was at the post exchange eating sandwiches and drinking beer at that moment, and Leale sent for him.

Something had tended to sober the man, for he came into the captain's presence, looking sullen, but self-possessed. "I warned you after that affray with Crow Knife," said Leale, "that you were to keep out of temptation and mischief until you were sober enough to understand what I had to say to you. Where were you between dinner call and 13:30?"

"Walking off my heat, sir, as the captain directed."

Leale stood closely scanning the swollen face of the soldier. He was always grave and deliberate in dealing with the malcontents of his command, rarely speaking in anger and never in a tone indicative of irritation. Under the captain's calm, steadfast scrutiny Grace plainly winced. His bloodshot eyes wandered restlessly about, and his fingers closed and unclosed nervously.

"You have made but an ill name for yourself thus far, my man," said Leale, "and this day's work has not added to your credit. What started the trouble with Crow Knife?"

"He struck me," was the surly answer.

"You have been drinking liquor to-day, Grace, and it is said of you throughout the whole troop that when drinking you are ugly and ill tempered. I have known Crow Knife a long time and never knew him to be in trouble before. You are the first man of this command to quarrel with him. Let it be the last time. He bears a good name; you have made a bad one. Another thing: You were working there at the hall this morning under Corporal Rorke. What became of you when the other men left and went to dinner?"

"I was thirsty—and went for a drink," was the shifty answer.

"Where were you? You were not then at the post exchange?"

The soldier turned red, if possible, livid, uneasily, the bloodshot eyes still wandering warily about, as though eager for any light other than that which burned in the clear, stern gaze of his captain. "I went for a drink," he repeated, "and I'm not bound to say where and so get some one else in trouble. I'm not without friends here even if I haven't them among my officers, and I can be true to those who are true to me."

"Such talk is luncheon, Grace," said Leale coolly, "and you know it. You will do better to keep clear of friends who give you liquor. You are sober enough to appreciate now what I have said and what you say. Keep clear of it, I warn you, or it will be your undoing. Are you not for guard?"

"I am, sir, and ready to take my turn when needed, but I can take no such affront as that redskins in my teeth."

"Enough on that score. I'll hear your story tomorrow, when you're both cooled down. Now go to your quarters, and for the rest of this keep away from three things—Crow Knife, liquor and, understand me, the assembly hall."

The sullen eyes glowed with new anger. The man had been drinking just enough to be reckless. "I'd like to know why I'm not considered fit to work at least," he muttered.

"You are not to be seen by the eyes of gently nurtured women, Grace. Your face is bloated, your eyes inflamed, your whole carriage tells of the havoc liquor plays. You may as well know that the sight of you was a shock to our guest, Mrs. Farrar, and I suspect that you could tell what it was that so startled Mrs. Daunt."

"I don't know any such"—began the soldier in the same surly tone, but Leale lifted his hand.

"The less you say when you've been drinking, my man, the less you're likely to fall into further trouble. You go no more to the assembly room today, because I forbid. Do you understand?"

"I've got rights to go there. Aye, or where my betters cannot go. Aye, or where in sudden a fury, but the instant his eyes met those of his captain the words died on his lips and the red lids drooped."

"You have said more than enough, sir," sternly answered Leale. Then, turning sharply to a little knot of non-commissioned officers who at the barracks steps were curiously watching the scene, he called, "Sergeant Rorke!" and a young soldier in natty uniform came springing forward, and, halting close at hand, stood at the salute.

"I leave this man in your charge. He is for guard, I believe. Set him in

work at his kit and see that he is in proper trim—in every way—for tomorrow."

"He may be needed today, sir. He's supernumerary."

"Indeed! Worse than I thought, Grace," said Leale calmly. "You will be wise to take a cool bath and a nap then. As all events, see that he does not leave the barracks this afternoon, sergeant."

"I will, sir. Come on, Grace."

And conscious that he had been indeed playing with fire, yet raging over the sense of his enforced submission, the half drunken fellow turned and followed his young superior.

Meantime there had been anxiety and dismay at the Farrars'. Helen had speedily been restored to consciousness, only to be overcome by a fit of hysterical weeping, succeeded by a nervous attack that defied the efforts of her fond friends. Mrs. Farrar had, of course, sent for the doctor, but Helen insisted that his presence was utterly unnecessary. She begged to be left alone. She declared the attack to be no more than a headache, though not for two or three years. She seemed eager to rid herself of all attendants. In truth, her one longing was to be allowed to think undisturbedly. Even at night this might have been difficult. By day, with sympathetic inquirers coming every few minutes to her door and with her gentle friend sitting at her bedside, she found it impossible. If she closed her eyes, that leering, half drunken, swollen, distorted face came to torment and distract her. If she opened them, it was only to find sweet, anxious features bending over her, full of tenderness, sympathy and unspoken inquiry. Do what she could to allay it, Helen Daunt saw plainly that Marjorie Farrar more than suspected that there was some exciting cause for that sudden prostration. In utter helplessness she lay, striving to plan, striving to see a way out of this new and most appalling complication.

That the man who had wrecked her life should turn as it were from the grave and be in itself a horrible enough, but that he should reappear in the flesh here, at Frayne, where his presence was a menace to the peace of so many who were dear to her and to the very life perhaps of the gentle invalid who was nearest of all, was torment indeed.

For some hours she lay there facing her fate, shutting out all thought of her new hope and joy thus summarily blasted, seeing only, thinking only of the peril that involved her friend. The short winter day wore on. The spirits of the younger members of the social circle seemed undimmed, for, as steady calm was coming, she could hear merry chat and laughter again in the parlor below stairs. Ellis alone seemed to share with her mother the anxiety or uneasiness which followed the events of the morning. She had refused to join the little party that had gone up, as they expressed it, "to call on Kitty." She had refused partly from a feeling of indisposition to any gaiety, partly from a sisterly sympathy for Will, who, she felt well assured, longed for an uninterrupted half hour with his capricious ladylove, and partly because she shrank from appearing in the colonel's parlor, thereby possibly giving Ormsby half enough to think she sought him. Evidently the young people had had small mercy on Will. Evidently Kitty had lent herself not unwillingly to the fun at his expense, for, after hitting savagely at his finger nail and tugging furiously at his mustache, the lady had pitched angrily out of the colonel's house and come home for comfort, and thither had they followed him, two or three hapless couples, and, catching him in the parlor, all unconscious of Mrs. Daunt's seclusion aloft, were as bent on coaxing him to return with them as he, with assumption of lordly indifference, was determined to make it appear that he had no such desire or intention. He carried his point too. He knew well enough that Kitty's complicity in the plot was the express purpose of teasing him. He couldn't afford to let them see he was indignant at her or at them; neither could he afford to let her see that he was not justly offended. And right in the midst of all the babel of protest and laughter the doorbell rang, and at the head of the stairs, just as stable call was sounding, listening ears heard the unctuous, jovial tones of Corporal Rorke inquiring for Captain Leale.

Then Will's voice responded, and Will was very distant and dignified. "Captain Leale is not here, corporal. Have you been to his quarters?"

"Sure, I went there first, sir, and they told me he was here if anywhere. Thin, bedad, he's nowhere."

"He's gone down to the stables already, perhaps," said Farrar, "and you'll find him there. Yonder goes the call now."

"I know, Mast—I know, sir, but the trouble's right here, sir. Higgins has been took ill on guard. He was right out here on No. 5, sir, back of the quarters, and they're aint for him, and the first sergeant's afraid, sir."

"What of?"

"Gracie had been drinkin this mornin'—He's sober enough now, sir, but

he's nervous, wildlike, excited, trampin up and down the barracks there like a caged hyena, sir."

"Then trampin up and down the sentry post will be just the thing for him. I'll cool him off. Put him on."

"Very well, sir. Just as the bootman says. I'll tell the regiment at once."

Five minutes later the parlor was deserted, and all was silence below. Now at least Helen Daunt could close her eyes and plan and think. He was to be placed on guard. He would be on guard right out here on the block. Then what was to prevent her slipping out in the dusk of the evening, when all the others had gone over to the assembly hall, speaking with him, pleading with him, imploring him to go away, arguing with him where he would not admit to any drunken mood endanger that poor wretched life by the sudden shock of his presence? She would agree to anything she would follow him, share for him, share with him, be his wife or his handmaid—anything to get him away—far away from the sunshine, the smiles, the hopes and joys and blessings that had been hers at old Fort Fraser.

One other thing she had but little money, and in the night she might be needed. She must do it, for that drink sudden when she was I really have none. Go she must and would. Go she must and should, for any day, before the whole garrison—oh, shame, intolerable—he might take the notion boldly to throw off all disguise and claim her as his wife. Possibly with money she might bribe him to take kindly to her proposition and agree. Then, before him, she could escape, return to the east, and somewhere, anywhere, hide her head from him, from friends, from the world and all. Home she had none. The worst when her father died, lonely and heart-broken, two years before.

And in all that garrison to whom could she appeal, upon whom could she call? One man there was who, well she knew, would open his hand as he had his heart, and its uttermost treasure could be hers for the mere asking, and that man of all others was the one who, she prayed, might never know the miserable truth that this was Royle Farrar—that she was Royle Farrar's wife.

Another there was, generous, helpful and kind, who, did he but learn the identity of the man slinking behind that disguise given by years of drink and debauchery, would aid her to his utmost farthing, add her as he had before, out of pity and compassion, aid her now with eager hand through thought of the shame that would come to the girl he loved, the shock that might be hers for her beloved mother. There was the man—Jack Ormsby! But how to see him, when and where? Not a moment must be lost, because now that Royle's presence was known to her, his wife, any moment might bring on the further catastrophe. She had never known him to step until sudden and startled.

Drink, drink, drink. In some form he would find the poison and gulp it down, waxing crazed and nervous if it were withheld from him, turning mad and reckless if it were given. Drink he would swallow all through this blessed Christmas eve, and at any hour, any moment on the morrow, she might expect him to appear before her all in the midst of their joyous Christmas gathering, in drunken exultation, demanding his seat at his wife's side, at his mother's head. What that would mean to that gentle mother, whose very life seemed now hanging by a thread, God alone could say.

And here she lay, hesitant, impatient, cowardly, when the lives and happiness of those dearest to her were at stake, shrinking even now from an appeal to Ormsby, who alone in all the garrison probably was competent to advise and help, and Ormsby had already suffered, and suffered much on her account. In the loyal observance of his promise he had brought himself under the ban of suspicion, and with half an eye Helen could see that Ellis looked upon their relation with utter distrust. Great heaven! Was she to be a curse to every one who had been kind to her? That thought was intolerable.

Helen Daunt amazed her friend by springing from her bed and throwing up the window sash. "Air, air!" she moaned. "I feel as though I were suffocating, and, leaning far out into the wintry twilight, bathing her aching head in the cold, sparkling air, she gazed wildly northward toward the bluff. Aye, muffled in the heavy canvas tent, the far cap about the bloated, bearded face, stretching along the sentry post was the form she dreaded, hated to see, yet fought with burning eyes. As she gazed he saw and stood and, leaving over the intervening drifts of spotless snow, kissed his fur-gloved paw and tossed his hand in half defiant, half derisive, all insulting salutation.

"Mrs. Farrar," she cried in utter desperation, turning madly away from the hateful sight. "I—I must get into the open air awhile. You won't mind, dear. I must walk, run, rush in the cold. No, don't come, and pray let Ellis keep with you. In 10, 20 minutes at most, I'll return."

At last, Helen, wait until Willy, until Molechah-Leale, returns from the stables. See, they're coming now. They will walk with you."

"Oh, no, no, no. Do you not see? I must be alone. I cannot talk with any one. Let me go," she cried. Then, before she could the mother could interpose, Ellis, who came hurrying into the room, could utter one word, she had seized a heavy wrap and gone almost bounding down the stairs.

At the threshold she recoiled, for there, his breast full of eagerness, the door flew open, stood Jack Ormsby. "I was just about to ring," he faltered, "and inquire after you—and for Miss Farrar. You really startled me."



"I cannot talk with any one. Let me go."

And up noft they heard—Ellis heard—the eager, low toned, almost breathless answer. "Oh, Mr. Ormsby, it was you I sought. Come—right in here."

And drawing him into the parlor she closed the door, reckless now of anything Ellis might suspect, taking only of the peril that menaced one and all. Perhaps Jack Ormsby's longing eyes caught one fleeting glimpse of feminine drapery at the head of the little staircase. Perhaps his own wrongs and woes had overmastered him. Perhaps he thought that already he had been too heavily involved, all on account of this fair sufferer and suppliant, but certain it is he followed, hesitating, and that it was with a far from reassuring face he confronted his captor.

"Mr. Ormsby," she burst forth, "now much money would you give, at once, this day, to rid this post of the greatest shame and misery that could be brought upon Ellis and her mother?"

"I can't imagine what you mean," was the uncertain answer.

"I mean that Royle Farrar is here—in this garrison—a private soldier in Captain Leale's troop."

"And? My heaven, I well might be! He came before me this noon, with her, with his mother, not 20 steps away and taunted me and threatened me. Oh, God, he means it! He means to make himself known to them and claim their kinship in the way to shame them most. And the shock will kill her, kill her! There is only one earthly way. He will go for money."

"He can't, if he's a soldier. It's desertion. It's—why, they follow them, capture them and it means state prison or something for years."

"I know nothing of that—I know I'm only a helpless, distressed woman, but drink and money are the two things he needs. For them he will risk anything. I can see him this night. He is this moment on post, out here on the bluff. You know him. It's the man they call Tom Grace."

Ormsby's hat fell from his hand. "My heaven! That man here again?"

"Here, here, and I have known it only for a few hours. See what I am suffering. Do you not see what it means if Royle Farrar makes himself known—and he is capable of anything. Shame on him, shame to Ellis, because of his death perhaps—to Mrs. Farrar. Do you not see you must help me get him away from here? You must for all their sakes and keep his secret and mine."

"It is my secret, too, Mrs. Farrar," said poor Jack, rallying to the rescue now that danger threatened. "I will do whatever you wish, whatever you say. You shall have whatever money I have here and more can follow. You're a brave woman. Forgive me that I doubted you."

"Oh, never think of that now. Only keep my secret yet a little and let me see you before 10 o'clock. That's the hour that relief goes again. I'll watch them so often. And—and all the money you think—even a hundred—two hundred dollars. Oh, God bless you for the help you give me! Now I know you wish to see her, and I must get into the open air awhile."

Calling the maid-servant, she bade her take Mr. Ormsby's card to Miss Farrar, then hastened from the house.

But the answer brought to honest Jack—poor fellow—was that Miss Farrar begged to be excused.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

## SIN AND RELIGION.

Bill App Mixes the Circus and the Preachers—Both are Here to Stay Awhile.

I didn't go to the circus, but I took some of the grandchildren and turned them over to a friend. They had never seen one and were happy. Now they have something to talk about for a month. What a revelation it is to the youthful mind. I remember it well.

My father took me to one when I was seven years old, and it still seems like that was the best one. Away back in those days menageries and circuses were not combined. They did not travel together nor come at the same time.

When old John Robinson first started out he didn't have any animals. The menagerie was orthodox; the circus was heterodox. Christians could go to the one and sinners to the other. But by and by the circus was attached to the menagerie and together they caught all kinds and colors. It is like a Sunday excursion train to a taboracle meeting. The devil knows how to mix up frolic and fun with prayers and sermons.

Yesterday I traveled with a score or two of preachers and elders who were going to Athens to attend the synod. They were bright and genial and had on their best clothes. They are good company. They wear a subdued Christian dignity and have a fund of orthodox maxims to tell each other on the way. About four times a year the preachers go somewhere to a religious convention, and each one is expected to bring with him a fresh supply of

wit and incident—some pepper and salt to add zest to the religious feast. In the old solemn times of Dr. Wilson and Dr. Patterson and father, say, wit and humor were under the skin. If they were not sin they were on the verge of it. Sidney Smith was considered almost a heretic and his clerical wit was unCalvinistic, if not something worse. I grew up under the solemnities of old school Presbyterians and had a good time on Sundays, listening and nodding as Dr. Wilson's original sermons on predestination and original sin. If the good old doctor was living now he would attack Dr. Robins and his book with all the accumulated weapons of a century of study and then seek to knock him down with Calvin's institutes.

But our modern clergy are more like human beings; more like human nature; more like ourselves. They are not so austere and solemn. They are social and some of the younger ones will go fishing or play ball with the older ones tell anecdotes and smile quite amiably. We were talking about the circus yesterday and one of them told me he attended a synod once at Thomasville. It was a fine day and there was a grand street parade with music and banners and all the animals were on dress parade. The synod was in session, and as the inspiring strains of the martial music fell upon the synod's ears they lay brotherly contented in the feelings. He rose forward timidly and said:

"Mr. Moderator, it will be impossible for us to transact any business until that music passes by, for we can't hear anything but that read or spoken. I move you, sir, that we take a recess for ten minutes."

Whereupon an old Calvinistic preacher bounced him and squelched him with indignant sarcasm: "Recess indeed! Recess for a circus parade because the devil is in the music? It is a sin to be in the circus, but it is a sin to be in the church. We will talk louder and draw nearer, but no recess."

Scarcely and nearer came the band, and when the lion gave an unearthly howl preachers and laymen began to tiptoe out until there was nobody left save the moderator and the old man. In due time the music died away in the distance and the delegates tiptoeed back to their places.

A layman whom everybody loved then told how one of these old time, solemn preachers squelched all the hilarity out of him. Said he: "I was born with a lively sense of the ridiculous and sometimes have a hard work to restrain my risings. One day our good old preacher asked me to ride out with him to see a man who was partially paralyzed and was likely to die impenitent unless it was done with him. He should be saved. So, we visited him and after the usual preliminaries the old preacher said:

"My friend, would it please you for me to read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures and have a prayer in your behalf?"

"Well, I don't mind, I'm willing," to oblige you, if it will do you any good," he said.

"The manner and tone in which he said it excited me, but I bit my lip and suppressed any unseemly emotions. He read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures and in solemn accents: 'My impenitent friend, did you ever hear that chapter read before?' 'Not exactly,' said he, 'but it appears to me that Tom Garner will something sooner than I will in a letter from Texas once.' That nearly upset me, and the preacher noticed it. After the prayer we said good-bye and got in the buggy. For half a mile the old man never said a word; neither did I. Suddenly he said: 'Look toward me and slowly repeat the words in that letter from Texas once.' That nearly upset me, and the preacher noticed it. After the prayer we said good-bye and got in the buggy. For half a mile the old man never said a word; neither did I. Suddenly he said: 'Look toward me and slowly repeat the words in that letter from Texas once.' That nearly upset me, and the preacher noticed it. 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